

## Marry You by MrAdequateBar

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**Genre:** F/M, Marriage Proposal, hopper is ultimate dad, its fluffy, mike and max are adorable

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**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Erica Sinclair, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Mr. Sinclair (Stranger Things), Mrs. Sinclair (Stranger Things)

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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**Summary:**

Max and Mike have some important questions. The thing is, they've gotta get permission to ask them first.

## Marry You

The October haze fell across the chilly air and desolate visuals of Hawkins, Indiana. On this particular day, October 31, 1994, children and teens and parents alike were preparing for the night, which was certain to be another fantastic Halloween. But this is not the narrative of our story.

The narrative of our story is the nonchalant young man of twenty three, exiting his car which was parked on the edge of the home and walking through to the door of some very special people, his hands fiddling in front of him.

*“Exciting times...” Max said giddily as she sat down, drink in hand.*

*“I know, right? That’s actually part of why I wanted to talk to you, I have something really really cool to tell you.” Mike said, messing with the cardboard sleeve on his coffee cup.*

*“Really? Me too!” Max said, smiling.*

His soft dark hair blowing along with the wind, his took a deep breath before knocking on the door, to have it opened by the smirking and towering figure of Jim Hopper.

*“Wheeler... come on in.”*

Mike followed Jim into the house, that looked way messier than it did when El still lived there. It wasn’t a bad thing, not like he couldn’t live, but Mike simply noticed that Hopper probably didn’t value ultimate cleanliness over other things.

*“Coffee?” Hopper offered.*

*“Uh- yes, thank you.” Mike responded.*

*“Creamer? I got uh... this vanilla stuff.” Jim asked, as if Mike coming for weekly coffee visits was completely normal and he didn’t scare the living hell out of Mike.*

*“Um, yes please.”*

*“French Vanilla. I didn’t realize you were such a weak coffee drinker.” Max said, giggling.*

*Mike rolled his eyes and took a sip. “At least I’m not scared to enjoy the things that I like. How’s the black espresso?”*

*“Delicious, thank you. It happens to be what I like.”*

*“Take a seat. I don’t have any Eggos because El just came home for fall break, but I do have sandies.”*

Mike nodded. “Thank you.”

They sat at the table, keeping a keen eye on the coffee as it brewed, as if it were drowning out the deafening silence.

“So, to what do I owe the pleasure of a visit from you, Mike?” Hopper finally said.

Mike sat up and took in a sharp breath. “Uh, well, I wanted to talk to you.”

“Aww, just wanted to catch up with an old friend. I’m sure that’s why you’re here.” Hopper said, smiling, letting out a small chuckle.

Mike relaxed as Hopper brought him a mug of coffee and sat back down, and he realized that he probably didn’t need to be as scared as he was.

“Sorry the house is a little messy, I haven’t cared enough to do anything about it and I’m a little busy being a police chief.”

“It’s completely fine, no worries. I actually wanted to talk to you about something. To ask you something.”

*Mike made a gross face. “I couldn’t stand drinking black coffee. Too bitter.”*

*“Well not all of us could afford to have things like coffee creamer on hand all the time as kids. Moving across the country calls for some things having to be cut from the budget.”*

*Mike sinks into himself. “Oh. Sorry. I forgot.”*

*Max laughs. “You’re fine. No worries.”*

Hopper looks up, interested. “Okay. Ask me what?”

Mike sits back. “Oh, uh, straight to the point, I guess-”

“Damn right. You’re not a little kid anymore Mike. Lay it on me.”

*“So what’s your big news?” Max asked, smiling ear to ear, obviously intrigued.*

“Well...” *Mike started, his cheeks going red.*

“I wanted to ask if- uh- I’m really bad at words.” *Mike said.*

“No way, so am I. Take your time, kid.”

*“I’m going to ask El to marry me.” Mike blurts out, practically leaking excitement.*

*Max lets out a squeal and takes Mike’s hands. “That’s so exciting! I feel so proud.” she said, wiping a fake tear from her eye and laughing along with Mike.*

“I-uh, wanted to get your blessing to uh... propose to El.” *Mike said quickly, looking down just as Hopper’s eyes went wide.*

“Oh. I-uh, didn’t really have that on my radar at all.”

Mike looked up and smiled. “I doubt that.”

Hopper laughed. “You should. I did. It just kinda got pushed to the back of my mind.” he said, chuckling, taking another sip of his coffee. “I knew this was coming, I just had to be watchful of when.”

Mike opened his mouth to say something, but thought it’d be better to stay quiet for a second.

*“Okay, so I guess this makes my news also kind of exciting...” Max says. “But I wanna relish in this for a moment. You’re gonna propose! I wanna be a groomsman.”*

*Mike chuckled. “Max, she needs to say yes first.”*

*“Are you crazy?! Of course she’s gonna say yes!”*

A long while went by before Hopper said anything, and when he was ready to say something, he turned to Mike and glared.

*“El is my little girl. Always has been, always will be. I will do anything to make sure that that girl is living in her best interest and is as safe and as happy as she can be.”*

Mike nodded.

*“Having said that... you have my blessing.”*

Mike smiled and nodded at Hopper, who smiled back and gave him a hard clap on the shoulder. *“Proud of you kid.”*

*“I mean, I don’t know...”*

*“Michael Wheeler! You two are crazy about each other! And not just in the puppy love codependent relationship way that you had when we were thirteen. You guys have grown together and even if you never got married and even ended up being just friends there was no denying you were gonna grow old together.” Max insisted.*

Wiping her hands on her shirt, Max exited her car on the edge of the cul-de-sac and walked up the front door of the upper-middle class house in the upper-middle class suburb that she only could’ve dreamed of living in as a little kid.

But the house wasn’t the thing she cared about today, it was the people who live inside. Slowly, she lifted her arm and just before knocking, she opted to ring the polite doorbell.

She could barely hear any noise before the door was gingerly opened and Max was face to face with a smiling Dawn Sinclair.

*“Hello Max! Come on in, come on in, we’re having lunch, you’re free to join us.”*

*“Oh, I couldn’t possibly-”*

“It’s all fine, don’t worry!”

Max gazed around at the house as Mrs. Sinclair ushered her into the dining area, where Mr. Earl Sinclair gave her a nonchalant nod.

“Hello Miss Maxine.”

Max waved. “Hello Mr. Sinclair.”

He chuckled. “Max, you’re an adult, you can go ahead and call me Earl.”

Max sat as Mrs. Sinclair brought out a pitcher of fresh iced tea and poured four glasses.

“Erica!” Mrs. Sinclair cheered. Max heard bounding from upstairs as the seventeen year old Erica Sinclair came downstairs and waved gingerly at Max.

“So, what brings you down to this part of town today?” Mrs. Sinclair asked.

“So... *what about you?*” *Mike said, smirking.*”

“*Well, I’m doing something really cool soon too...*” *Max said, trailing off.*

“I wanted to come down and talk to you guys about something-”

“Dawn, the sandwiches.”

“Oh, you’re right!” Max was cut off by Mrs. Sinclair jumping up and running into the kitchen and coming in with a plate of sandwiches that looked like the kind suburban moms brought to weekly book club where they just gossip about town business and don’t actually discuss the books they’re reading. If the rest of the moms of their friend group went, Max supposed Mrs. Wheeler and her own mother would spend the entire time gossiping while Mrs. Henderson actually read the book. Mrs. Byers wouldn’t even show up and the other moms would say how she probably thought the book club wasn’t good enough for her while in reality she just didn’t want to come because book club is stupid.

“Max? What about you?” she was snapped out of her daydream by Mr. Sinc-Earl, asking her a question.

“Pardon?” She said.

Mr. Sinclair laughed and patted her on the back. “I said Lucas was telling me all about life in the big city, since you two spend a lot of time out there on the job. How is it for you?”

Max sighed. “Oh! It’s wonderful. A lot busier than in Hawkins, but I think I adjusted a little easier than Lucas since I lived in Southern California for twelve years.” she said with a laugh, the parents joining in.

“Makes sense. Lucas never was one to enjoy big cities and tons of people. Now what was it you were saying earlier?” Mrs. Sinclair asked.

Max took a deep breath. “Well, I decided to see you guys in person because I wanted to ask you for your uh... your blessing.”

It seemed as if all three Sinclairs sitting in front of her cocked their heads at the same time, as they didn’t understand what she meant.

Max smiled and tried again. “I want to ask Lucas to marry me.”

*“I’m proposing to Lucas.” Max said.*

*Mike’s face lit up. “Really?! Wait, that’s amazing! It’s like a double engagement! Maybe we can have a double wedding!” Mike said, a little too loudly for Max’s taste.*

*“Mike, it’s just like you said, he has to say yes first.”*

Mrs. Sinclair’s eyes lit up and she clapped as Mr. Sinclair smiled and nodded, all while Erica still had a confused look on her face.

“I don’t get it. Why would you ever wanna do that?” Erica said.

“Erica, hush! This is exciting!” Mr. Sinclair said. “You have my approval, Miss Maxine.”

Mrs. Sinclair just clapped and took Max's hands. "Of course you have our blessing, Max. Ooh, this is just too exciting!"

"*Oh. Yeah. You're right.*" Mike said, and the two started laughing.

"*I guess we're just too eager to start planning each other's weddings!*" Max cheered, Mike nodding.

The streetlights rang off of El's face with a radiant glow, making her look just as ethereal as Mike saw her. Whether they were twelve or twenty-three, Mike would always see her as the girl who saved his life and took him on one wild adventure. The girl he fell in love with.

"Hey El, do you remember the day Dustin and I got chased by Troy?" Mike asked, El looking up at him.

"Um, yeah, I think so." she replied.

"Remember how I almost died?" Mike said, Eleven getting more and more visibly worried.

"Yes, but I don't like to think about it." El replied.

"You saved me that day, literally." Mike said. "I would've died if you weren't there."

"Why are you saying that?"

"*I wonder why Jesus above decided we would be so lucky as to fall in love.*" Max said.

"*I wonder too, mainly because I'm Jewish and don't believe in Jesus.*" Mike retorted, causing them to burst into laughter again.

"We are so lucky though. To have the friends we do." Mike agreed.

"Because you saved me literally again after that. When you answered my calls and came back. When we went from a weird codependent emotional relationship to a healthy working one." Mike said, smiling. "You make me really happy, El. You make me better. And not in a manic pixie dream girl type of way. In a 'we help each other grow and learn and be' way."

El smiled, still not really sure what was going on. “I know. That’s why we love each other.”

“Now, we’re not going to spend every waking moment side by side, but I think we need something to remind us that we’ve always got each other’s backs. And I know this is really cheesy and it looks like something out of a romantic comedy but I know you love romantic movies so I thought this was the best.” Mike finished, walking out in front of Eleven and giggling as he slid down to his knee and pulled out a sleek ring box.

Eleven murmured something and Mike smiled,

“Miss Jane Hopper...El. Will you please become my wife?” Mike asked.

El laughed and even teared up again before taking Mike’s hand. “Oh my God, I would love to.”

*“Maybe it’s making up for the shit we went through as kids. Maybe that’s why we’ve all stuck together.” Max suggested.*

*“Maybe so. It could be that we’re just really good at the whole love thing.” Mike said, Max laughing.*

*“I think it’s makeup. Just like this coffee date is making up for when we were thirteen and you did nothing but yell at me and call me annoying for months.”*

*“I had a lot of issues when I was thirteen.”*

*“That’s fair. We all did.”*

There was barely any artificial light across the lake, but it was bright enough, as there was a super moon that illuminated the lake and made ripples across the water even lighter and more magical. Although, Lucas and Max figured they’d seen enough magic to last a lifetime.

“Lucas.”

“Yes?”

“How do think we ended up here?”

“We drove. Then we walked.”

“No, I mean... here. When we were thirteen we were talking on the roofs of buses and now we’re twenty three and still feel that way while we talk while sitting on the edge of a lake.” Max said.

“I guess we still love each other the same. We grew up together and something kept us together.” Lucas answered.

*“Things got really bad when we were little. But I think that’s the reason we stayed friends another ten years.”* said Mike.

“Ten weird and insanely amazing years.” Max replied.

*“You and Lucas are so lucky to have each other. You’re both tough, but I know you like having someone to turn to when things aren’t so pretty. You can turn to any of us, but I know you and Lucas, and you really have something special.”* Mike said.

*“I like the feeling of being special. I used to not. When I was a weirdo skater girl with carrot hair and no friends. Then I became a weirdo skater girl with carrot hair and a group of monster hunters and a superhero for friends.”*

“I don’t know about you, but you were my rock. You are my rock. I know I’m pretty tough but it’s nice to have someone to lean on that won’t fall out from under me.”

“It’s like a magic tether. Maybe El has something to do with it.” Lucas laughed. “But I see what you mean. And I feel that too. I like having someone to trust.”

“Lucas.”

“Yes?”

“Will you marry me?”

Lucas looked up at Max who was looking him in the eyes, smiling, and pulling something out of her bag. A simple silver band that

seemed to say all the words that Max wasn't.

Lucas chuckled. "Max..."

They sat in silence for a minute just looking at each other.

"Of course I will marry you." Lucas answered, letting Max slip the ring onto his finger and smiling as he leaned in to give her a quick kiss.

"I love you, Mad Max."

"I love you too, stalker."

*"You became a monster hunter too, you know." Mike said.*

*"I did." Max nodded. "But nothing's ever scared me more than what I'm about to do."*

*"I know. We're actually brave as hell." Mike added.*

*They sat in silence as the world they made for themselves sank in around them.*

*"So do you think your kids are gonna have magic powers too?"*

*"Max!"*

#### **Author's Note:**

i woke up and immediately thought about max asking the sinclairs for their blessing to propose to lucas and this became a thing